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## LUNATICS AT LARGE

Hitherto the community has had more reason to complain of the flight of lunatics from a well-deserved noose through counsel's ingenious process of unusual mind on the part of their clients than it has had to regret the liberty accorded to undoubted lunatics whose dementia takes the form of homicidal mania.

Examples of the latter have occurred several times lately, and it is time to protest vigorously against such an atrocious thing. It is bad enough to turn loose on society the red-handed murderer whose small brain is sound enough to fix responsibility for his crimes upon him on the ground that he was insane. But to let a crazy man roam at large to gratify the playful aberrations of his disordered intellect by firing his gun at blameless and reputable citizens is far worse.

In the one case there may be some reason. In the other there is absolutely none. This false leaning towards a man whose mind is warped by homicidal mania, however sound in every other respect, is a crying wrong which could not be permitted to exist any longer. Shut lunatics up, no matter how their madness betrays itself, if it is detrimental to the good of the community at large.

## THOSE POOR CHILDREN.

To-day the Board of Education will decide whether, in the exercise of the responsible trust which has been committed to it in giving school children into its charge, it will keep these little creatures waiting at the gates of the schools in the morning or will throw the gates open and let them in out of the cold.

Every right-minded citizen has probably long ago decided what he would do if the bolts of the school gates were under his fingers and he saw delicate children blue with waiting in the cold of a raw morning, or wet from rain or mist, crowding about the objectionable barrier. He knows he would pull back the bolts at once and let them in.

This is the common instinct of humanity. Why let those innocent little creatures, with their delicate constitutions, be subjected to the evils of protracted exposure to inclement weather? Why? And it does not seem as if the brain of man could find an answer; his heart will certainly fail to do cover one.

It is to be hoped that the Board of Education will show as much healthy sympathy as the average citizen would, and that the result of to-day's deliberation will be the earlier opening of the school gates.

## EXILE SHEPHERD.

For ten long days Col. ELLIOTT F. SHERIDAN will be denied the exquisite pleasure of gazing over the names of the gentlemen who may be posted at the Union League Club. When he trotted blithely up to the posting place of the Club, which he adorns by his membership to it, his bolts and his shears were under his fingers and he saw delicate children blue with waiting in the cold of a raw morning, or wet from rain or mist, crowding about the objectionable barrier. He knows he would pull back the bolts at once and let them in.

Why did not the courtly executioners who laid the axe so gently on his neck add in lowly imitation of the transgressor's Scriptural lore this legend, which they could have called the First Lesson?

"Neither shall the Shephard seek to feed the shorn lambs, for this brings confusion to the heart of him that hath not pity in that it exalts the Club of the Just."

Putting aside the question of ethics, Wall street practices, at least, will receive a healthful boost from the action brought by "Beacon." While against a broker whom he charged with circulating lies about stock which Mr. Witter was handling and which were calculated to depress the same, the world outside of Wall street has half-a-dozen that hardly was part of the business of the street, and that he was the keenest fellow who lied best. All that need be done to confirm the pleasant impression conveyed by Mr. Witter's action would be a corresponding severity towards a liar on the part of the beneficiary of the lie.

Judge MARTINEZ proposes to try the case of young STEPHEN in open court in view of the developments in the case in regard to GEN. LITTLEFIELD and DR. FLEMING. Young STEPHEN is alleged to be insane, and the code provides a Commission in Lunacy for such cases without saying whether the investigation shall be conducted in open court or not. Judge MARTINEZ's determination to conduct it should meet with popular approbation.

It makes the thing fair and above board to the beneficiary of the lie.

If the Administration should not perceive the advisability of ordering a new Federal count of this city after the glaring discrepancy between the official figures and those obtained by the police, so much the worse for the Administration.

The stock robbery industry has received a new impetus. A boy of eighteen successfully held up the overland stage, and probably it was only youth and inexperience which clouded the brilliancy of the exploit by his subsequent capture.

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR. SCENE IN A BEAUTY SHOP.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Fashion's New Fetiche—How the Marquise Lanza Works—Monte's Women Miners.

Miss Grace Dodge is in Austria studying the woman's question. Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston, is in the Scandinavian Peninsula, giving lectures, and spreading the good word of the W. C. T. U. Considering the work at home the ladies appear to be extremely fit for teaching.



Miss Ticknor, of Boston, has done more to encourage home study than any woman in New England. She founded a Home Society seventeen years ago, which has a membership of 5,240.

Fashion is to have a fetish this winter in the shape of a pinchonette dressed in a piece of the favorite costume and trimmed with silver bells.

Miss Antoinette Ely, of Walnut Hills, who has been attending the lectures of the Summer semester at the University of Leipzig, Germany, writes that before eating for home she expects to meet in Leipzig her cousin, Miss Rhoads, daughter of President Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr College, and the Miss Shapley of Cincinnati.

Miss Catherine Shapley, having carried off the honor at the Bryn Mawr Commencement last Spring and been awarded the European fellowship, goes abroad to pursue her special subject, Anglo-Saxon. Miss Rhoads' pet, fawn-colored cat, is well along, as Miss Shapley, intent taking up their abode in Leipzig for the coming winter and devoting themselves with their usual earnestness to their work in these languages, as directed by the University lectures.

It is Marquise Lanza's practice to lock herself up in her study from 10 to 1 o'clock every day, devoting herself during that time strictly to work. Her latest book, "Basil Morton's Transgression," has been classed by the critics with the erotic romances of the day, but in spite of them it has made a marked success. Marquise Lanza has recently submitted to an interview upon the question of the financial relations of husband and wife. She said:

"Every woman should be independent of her husband. It is difficult for a woman to ask her husband for \$2. If the husband has money he should give it to her with a bank account and let her draw her money to suit her convenience. Women have absolutely gone without money rather than risk a refusal. Lots of me, absolutely demand of their wives what they do with their money. A woman may go to a shop and say, 'I want a color about her, not a single feature that could be called pretty, but she stands well, walks and looks well; she is well grounded, severe and serene; three elements that go to make up the thoroughbred."

NEIL NELSON.

**VAGRANT VERSES.**  
The Summer Coquette.  
Why lascivious? Whom canst thou  
Find still in, wear a sacerdote?  
For to come there's neither master,  
Nor dame, nor dame, nor dame,  
Like a fawn, who can dance,  
And a summer girl, who can't dance.

Sixty cents is transferred from a pretty suede leather purse to the pretty out-stretched palm of the clock, and the girl in gray walks out, every eye in the beauty shop following her. She hasn't a color about her, nor a single feature that could be called pretty, but she stands well, walks and looks well; she is well grounded, severe and serene; three elements that go to make up the thoroughbred.

NEIL NELSON.

**SHOOTLETS.**  
Count Dillon and Dillon don't mix them up, because this is a great deal of a Count the other is of much more account.

The resumption of the undertaking on the Niagara Canal gives bound to understanding—Colins goes under.

Wouldn't a campaign have a good show on the Niagara Canal? A logion on the trees and a castle on the lake.

Like old wives from Curious says a wild-eyed goat has a riddle to tell.

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The stock robbery industry has received a new impetus. A boy of eighteen successfully held up the overland stage, and probably it was only youth and inexperience which clouded the brilliancy of the exploit by his subsequent capture.

Business men like the song, "If a body meet a body, etc."

Mr. Balfour is not a "Big Four" at all.

Nell Nelson Describes an Interesting Occurrence.

The Way They Manipulate the Hair and Trim Eye-Lashes.

Enter a girl in gray ulster, tunic and gloves. Approach a girl in black with paint on her cheeks and a diamond under her chin.

The customer has a pair of those thin lips with which it is dangerous to tamper, and the clerk has a pair of those coal-black eyes that snap fire with the slightest friction. The moment they meet there is a clash.

"What's wanted?" the clerk asks disdainfully.

"Nothing from you," is the tart reply.

"Why?" in a melliflous tone.

"You're too pert for utility," and giving her head an apta. Rehan tilt she sails across the room and tells a demure little blonde with manufactured eyebrows that she wants her hair combed.

"Certainly, won't you be seated?"

"I don't want a shampoo, I don't want a coiffure, and I don't want any pomade."

"Certainly. Shall I assist you with your coat?"

No. Haven't time to take it off. Just pin a couple of towels about me."

"Certainly."

The customer removes her gloves and hat, dives into her pocket and hauls out an ounce of brandy, a rack comb, a fine tooth comb and a wooden back brush.

"I want this poured in my hair, and nothing else; I want you to use these combs, and I want you to brush my hair thirty minutes by the clock to get it clean and get the smell of brandy out of it."

"Certainly."

The customer seats herself in front of a toilet table, the clerk fastens a long white towel round and takes a dozen or fifteen big and little pins from her head and lets down a wig of chestnut brown hair coarse enough to make a good scrubbing brush. The tresses are shook out, the clerk runs her pretty white fingers over and through the hair to loo it at the scalp, and after the operation the contents of the little bottle are poured out and rubbed into the pores of the skin.

It is a good brand of spirits, for the fumes fill the shop with reminiscences of Christmas pudding. Following this season the comb is applied, the operator beginning at the end of the hair and combing down. Then the tresses are divided in four parts and the scalp cleaned in sections.

It takes forty minutes to complete this, and then the brushing commences. The hair is bruised backward and then down in mass and to strands until it is clean and dry as straw. The customer proceeds to do it up in the English fashion, braiding it in four tight strands and pinning it in a buniform form at the centre of her head, midway between crown and collar, while the small clerk at the opposite side of the room is still at the door.

The operator was beautifully staged, and a West Point cadet drill in the last act, was introduced to make the bairn-like beauty look like a queen.

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